

AN
ELEGIE
On the late
FIRE
And Ruines of
LONDON.

By E. Sene. Oxon.

LONDON.

Printed for W. Crook, in the Strand, 1667.

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Printed for W. Cook, in the Strand. 1857.

AN ELEGIE

On the late Fire of

London.

WHat weep in Verse: Yes, yes, taught by this Fire,
 When burnt to Mourn, but burning to admire,
 Distill'd by measure: A *Pierick* tear and
 There's more of Chymistry then nature there.

Poets here needles are, unless the *Charm*
 In verse had been sufficient to disarm
 The force and power of fire, if that could do it
 Each Loyal Subject would have then turn'd Poet
 But since a rude confused draught fits best,
 As like th' effects of fire, let me express it
 Decaying Trophies, and declining States,
 And what the series of *Agere* contains
 Joyn'd with the *Wonders* of the World, and all
 That we may height, or worth, or greatness call
 Like *Troy* intomb'd in *Iliads*, story shows
 The compass of a Nutshel may inclose
 Or like deceatd *Potestates* of old
 The narrow volume of a *shact* may hold
 Thus *Londons* Beauty, Pomp, Varieties
 Their only being in a *Catalogue* lies:
 Preserv'd by memory maintain'd by *Fame*
 Lives only in the story and the name
 Is Poetry a *Rage*? Yes justly styl'd
 But were't a *Fury* too, 'twere here too mild
 Were it distracted too, A passionate
 Distraction only makes it imitate
 For hark the cries the frights and the complains
 Of *London's* poor deplor'd Inhabitants.
 Here an united multitude combine
 Together all their *helpless* succor joyn:

As many there distressed in an amaze
 Betwixt with tears as sad spectators gaze
 But *Argus* Eyes, joyn'd with *Briareus* hands
 Are too too weak supplies to countermand
 So great a force, which like a torrent growes
 When stopt the greater, and with unlimited measure overflows.
 The face of Heaven with an unusual veile
 Is over spread, while the proud fires exhale
 Innumerable Clouds of smoak, that they appear
 To make themselves another *Hemisphere*.
 That seems to each approaching dazled sight
 Both *Fire* and *Smoak*, both *Hell* and *Heaven* unite.
 Some the next Church their *Sanctuary* make
 And that as *Common Treasury* partake,
 But for defence in vain their Wealth remove
 When for their own their Sanctuaries prove
 Too weak; in brief 'tis but a short Reprieve
 Surpris'd at last only a while survive.
 One Merchant sweats the *Elements* conspire
 Rescu'd from Water to be wrackt by Fire.
 Finding more mercy in the raging Waves
 Whose sinking billowes but present their Graves
 Which here too true he finds: His Merchandise
 In a confused Chaos buried lies.
 His *Arabian* wealth serves but for one *Perfume*:
 His *Indian*, Gold and Silver, resume
 Their first Original, and in the Earth
 Make that their Tomb whence they received their Birth.
 Once more, dispersed in a liquid train
 Both *Or* and *Argent* turn into a Vein.
 Others who once their Honour and Estate
 In the same Ballance weigh'd, by th' common fate
 Like German Emp'rours youngest sons, now are
 Or like declining Kings but *Titular*.
 But when I weigh the general loss, I swear
 If Riches ever yet had wings 'twas there.
 Here are those Planets influence of late
 Which in the *Fiery Trigon* met, and that
 Since the great Monarch *Cesar* wore the *Bays*.
 But once and then in *Carolus Magnus* daies
 One Planet rule a greater? *London* far
 Exceeds the power of every weaker Star.

For this, to feel its loss, imparts from hence
 Through the whole Kingdom its sad Influence.
 Nay threatens Heaven. At this deep Tragedy
 The Sun's spectator but with half an Eye,
 Whilst his diminishing and weaker Rayes
 In such a fainting manner he displays,
 That what was totally then threatened here
 Some part of an Eclipse they seem to beare.
 That 'twas a Planet too, a wandering Fire
 Its swift extent and motion did require.
 But if these Stars rule here, let them compleat
 Their yet continued Aspect, as great
 As was the former that there may ensue
 As did the last a *Carolus Magnus* too.
 That *London* may arise and dayly higher
 With its triumphant *Monarch* may aspire
 But as for those profest Astrologers,
 (Beyond our Spheare,) Heavens Privy Counsellours
 Who know by Signs the very Stars intent,
 Give reason for't (above my Element)
 As if they would foretel what's past, apply
 Portents to a foregoing destiny
 That's base: The nobler way's, search future Fate
 Help build another, then foretel of that.
 But hark (me thinks) I heare some say 'tis just
 That *Londons* Pride is humbled in the dust
 Alas thus fire and smoke have left behind
 This is one property to make men blind
 Too like this *Justice* that they plead, unless
 Ambition height, and Beauty Pride express
 Away dark blindness, tis the only part
 Of Ignorance to censure the desert
 By the event as if that fortune could
 Because that, Justice is by merit rul'd
 Nay were its guilt the high'st, who, but mad denies
 I were, thus absolv'd, too great a sacrifice
 And would not cry, quench the Fire, tis time
 Such Incense more then expiates a crime
 With Arts variety, and natures pride,
 And all the Ornaments it's world beside
Englands Metropolis once seem'd to be
 A lesser World in an Epitome.
 But now from such variety is growne
 So poor reduc'd to nothing, or but one

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And that a Spectacle of sad confusion
 Whole Ages labour, but one days conclusion.
 That it might be, and not absur'd, affirm'd,
 A *disunited union* justly term'd.
 Nor doth it in this sad and desolate case
 Seem only to have chang'd its state, but place
 For thus transform'd so great a change hath wrought
 That each Spectatour's to a *nonplus* brought.
 That the late fire might worthily seem thus
 Converted to an *Ignis fatuus*;
 Only that men, but this makes *Reason* stray
 And *Knowledge* too to erre as well as they.
 Such an amaze and horror doth surprize,
 That the beholder credits not his eyes.
 'Tis chang'd, without a Metaphor, I may say
 From *Terr' del' foego to Incognita*.
 'Tis now made destitute, wast, and forlorn,
 And now in more then *Asbes* forc'd to mourn.
 Here stands a naked Church that's now become
 Its own and that an Universal Tomb
 Whose Stone and Pillars are alone surviv'd
 Being of all other Neighbourhood depriv'd.
 As if the fury of the fire had meant
 At once *Urne, Funeral and Monument*.
 So that its Coat of Arms, if but the Sword
 Excluded were, would properly accord
 With its last State, what Herauld would not yeild
 'Twere then like *London* left an *Open Field*.
 Were I for any man to choose a Curse
 Or Banishment, I could not think a worse,
 Though 'twere his home (were I but to assigne him
 His doom) then hither damne him and confine him.
 The Fates thus in a Title we may see
 Or in a *Name* may write a Destiny.
 Is Fate *Hereditary*? Can the line
 That joyneth the descent the Fortune joyn;
 For *Troynovant* thus Ruind from the same
 Derives its Fortune, whence it took its Name.
 Only the milder Fates ordein by fire
 This to *Revive*, but *Troy* for to *Expire*.
 The *Ship* was burnt which late bore *Londons Name*
 As the forerunner of its Authors Flame.
 Whilst Fate in *Red Character* together
 Decreed to write the Destinies of either.

(7)

The like Disaster Chronicles scarce tell
But in our *Conqu'ring Williams* daies befell,
When *London* in like sort from Gate to Gate
Seem'd like a ruind Monument of State.
When I consider both, I dare presage
The only difference is in the Age:
Which to compleat each Loyal Subject prayes
May't likewise happen in a *Conqu'ring* dayes.
Whilst our *Victorious Charles* proves to our Eyes
A *Phoenix* may out of her Ashes rise.

An Anagram on *The Citie London,*

The City *London* when I now behold it
In its true Anagram *Then I Condole* it.
But when't revives, whose Triumph shall transcend
Turning the Anagram, *Let Joie contend*.

Postscript.

Amongst th' effects of Fire this one there is
To force a Blush, The Author fears tis his.
His *Labour* too that's here *Produc'd*, he fears
As an *Abortive* to each sight appears
While riper Wits and each judicious Eye
Its Imperfections and Defaults descry:
Yet begs your Pardon that it came to light
Abortive why? *Conceiv'd* in an affright.

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F I N I S.